

he could see how happy they would be together. How her presence would lengthen his life, how her love would smooth away all his cares. What mattered it, sunshine or rain. She was his and that sufficed.

Then his bachelor life was so dull. Lonely evenings with no companion but a book and a pipe. Everything awry. He felt as though he needed some one to cheer his loneliness. How pleasant it would be to see her flitting about the room, touching this here and that there, and filling the whole room with the sunshine of her presence. Ah, those were pleasant thoughts. But there was another side. Hark,—what was that,—only the neighbor's child crying. Yes—but,—well. Now he sees himself surrounded by a large family. His salary is small and the young mouths are so hard to fill.

Another vision presents itself.

Midnight—Baby has the colic.

There is where the steady tramp, tramp which he learned at college comes into service.

Will that child never stop his crying.

He is so tired and sleepy, the day at the office has been very hard.

Where is the paregoric and Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup?

Useless, for baby, like Tennyson's brook, goes on forever. Oh—er, why do people persist in leaving tacks around the floor.

The reverie is broken. He starts up, and as he does so—catches a glimpse of her photograph on the mantle piece. Instantly all the latent love within him surges up, and he starts for the door. In the middle of the floor he stops.

There is that awful cry again, and with it comes a remembrance of that midnight vision of toil and pain. He pauses, irresolute, should he go out or stay in. The door or his easy chair? Long he stands there pondering. Then, as if coming to a sudden resolution, he throws up his head and moves towards the—which?

THE MARBLE HEART.

Alas my co-ed that you could be
 So cruel, false and heartless
 You who ever had seemed to me
 A co-ed all to artless.